

THE MASTER OF APPLEBY. SIBY FRANCIS LYNDE. DE

sist of companions, as you would guess. For when I was not bent upon finding that wicked gate of death which would let me of despair, and whose fever was a hot'de of despair, and whose fever was a hot'de sire to look once more into the eyes of my dar lady before the wicket gate should open for me.

Twee this desire that finally drew me to her—the desire and another thing which that and any as yet too weak to cope with the enemy, was out into two wings of observation; one under desmand Greens himself at the forded, took the road for Winnsborough that any as yet too weak to cope with the enemy, was out into two wings of observation; one under desmand Greens himself at the forded, took the road for Winnsborough that with me will. the other and lesser in the land. Torests of the Broad with Daniel but. The first purchase of the Broad with Daniel but. The other was with Morgan; and we ata, drank and well-nigh slept in the saddle. But for all our scoutings and outridings, and all Dan mall. The barry oursings at the ill seconds of them, we could some by no sure inking of Lord Corrections and come withing to be well algh slept in the saddle. But for all our scoutings and outridings, and all Dan all the or all our scoutings and outridings, and all Dan all the or all our scoutings and outridings, and all Dan all the or all our scoutings and outridings, and all Dan all the or all our scoutings and outridings, and all Dan all the state of the Broad known as the Cowpens to the lower plantation region by the state of the first night longing, which we had at the house of or Philbrick—as hot a Tory as we presented to be.

From our host of the night we learned that within two days the British outposts on the Wateree and the Broad had been advanced; and there were rumors in the air that Lord Cornwallis, who was hourly expecting General Lesile with 1,000 of Sir Henry Clinton's men from New York, would presently move on to the long-deferred conquest of North Carollina.

"Has Cornwallis lost his wits?" Dick would may, when we were a few in the southward road again. "This a braver lordling than I gave him credit for being—if he will put his head in a trap that will close behind him and cut him off from his line and base."

I laughed. "You may wagter Jennifer House against an acre of the Cowpens that Lord Charles will do no such unseldierly thing. If this rumor be true, we have heard only the half of fit."

"And the other half will be?—"

"That my Lord Cornwallis will do his prettlest to pull the seeth of one or the other of the trap jaws before he tryats himself within them."

Jennifer was silent for an ambling minute, or two. Then he said: "Twill: be our teeth hell try to pull, then. The Broad is nearer than the Pedee; and ours is the weaker of the two jaws."

"Right your are," said I. "And now we know what we have to discover."

"Anan" he queried.

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Master Marmaduke Harndon, if I heard the name aright." Then I added: "This rabble is too drunken to serve our purposa. 'Tis only the common soldiery, and we shall learn nothing here."

"There was at least one who was not a ranker," said Dick, and there was something akin to awe in his voica. Then he lequed across the table to whisper, "Juck, I've fair had a fright!"

I smiled. Fear of God, man or the devil was not one of the lad's weaknessee.

"Tou may grin at your please," he went on: "but answer me this; do the dead come back to life?"

"Not this side of the resurrection reveille, if we may believe the dominies."

"Then I have seen a ghost—a most horrible mask of a man who both know to eur cost."

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"Name him and I will tell you whether he be a ghost or no."

"The the shost of Frank Falconnet; or connet; or cles it is what of the man himself the fire hath left," said Dick, and I marked his shiver at the word.

"No!" said I.

"I tell you yes."

I sprang up, but the lad reached across the table and amote ine back into the chair. "Softly, old firebrand, "was you who said the public matter must take precedence of the private. Moreover, if this be Francis Falconnet, whom I have seen, your sweetest revenge on him will be to let him live—as he is."

"I will kill him as I would a wild beast," I raged, thinking of that midnight scene in the great forest when my sweet lady had gone on her kness to this fiend in human guiss. "And so should you," I added, "If you care aught for the honor of the woman who loves you."

But now it was this hot-headed Richard I have drawn for you who saw farthest and clearest.

"All in good time," he said, coolly, "At this present we have Dan Morgan's fish to fry, and sitting here saucing this devil's mess of a supper with thoughts of private revenge will never fry it. Set your wite at work; Falconnet's ghost has put mine hopelessly out of gear. Ye gods! but "twas a most fearsome thing to look at?"

I did not answer him at once, and whilst I plied knife and fork for the cake of appearance, I would to him upon what he had discovered. This reappearance of Francis Falconnet was not to be passed over lightly. What would he do, or seek to do? Nay, what devilish thing was it he might not do? If the fire had burned his passed over lightly. What would he do, or seek to do? Nay, what devilish thing was it he might not do? If the fire had burned his passed over lightly. What would be do the word we be believed. "The devil" quoth Dick. "I renture that's easier said than done-for two plain comity gentlemen."

"Nover fear there will she othe

game—what's to do first when we are among them?"

I laughed at him. "You are my troop commander. Captain Jennifer. "Its for you to make the dispositions."

"Have your joke, and be hanged to you. There are no Captains here."

"If you leave it to me, we shall ride boldly to the tavern, put up as travelers, and likem to the goespe, each for himself." It replied; and this is what we did.

The village tavern, servilely bearing the King's arms thisly sainted over the palmetto tree of South Carolina on its swinging sign board, was a miserable doggery, full to overfishing within a fiftraff of carousing soldiery. Separating by mutual consent in the pushing and the properties of the content of the properties of the properties of the content of the properties of the properties of the content of the properties of the properties of the content of the properties of the properties of the content of the properties of the content of the properties of the

sixty consider, of high-y-likel coefferes, plant, learned and the serve is have been an interest of the serve is have been an interest of the serve is have been a property of the serve in the serve in the serve is manly welcome than I.

"Twas with some notion of finding ampler room for my feet that edged away, through the fringing wall crowd in the dancing-room toward a curtained archway at the back. As yet I had overheard naught save the silly persifiage of the belies and beaux—a word here and another there—and I was beginning to fear that this was as poor a place to look for information as was the pothouse, when a thing befell to set me a quiver with all the thrillings the human heart-strings can thium to in one and the same instant of time.

I had shouldered my way out of the ball-room medley and into the less crowded room at the back. This proved to be a rear withdrawing-room serving for the nonce as a refectory. There were little groups and knots of chatterers standing about; fair maids, each with her ring of redcoated courtiers, laughing and jesting or picking daintily at the viands on the great oaken table in the mildst.

Rounding the promonitory of the tables—and to come to another in some quiet edge where I could listen unnoticed for the word I was thirsting for, I must needs entangle the button of my coat-cuff in the delicate lace of a lady's sleeve in passing.

The wearer of the sleeve had her back to me, and I saw the white shoulders go up in a little shrug of petulance whilst I sought to disentangle the button. Then she turned to face me and the words of apology froze on my lips. Twas Mistress Margery, stunding at ease with—good heavens! with Richard Jennifer unaftianed, when my lidy give a light start and a shriek.

"Its. Mr. Reptimus; how yeu starled me?" she cried. Then, without a tremor of the lip or a phuse for breath-taking, she presented mes: "Bloome! Tarleton, Mr. Richard, my very good rriend, Mr. Ireton."

Twas done so disverty and with such and the hat even lock, who had known her from childhood, was struck qumb with admiration, as his face amficiently advertised. And, indeed I had much ade to pasy my own past with sine gave him not time. The spinst in the baliroom sleeve was tinking out the creatu